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LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

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NO. 20.

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Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the
State. All business entrusted to their care will be
promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
v6n62

THE ORIGINAL
LACLEDE STABLE,
TROY, MO.

BIRKHEAD & THORNHILL

Still have their Livery Stables on Cherry at
the sign at the brick livery stable on Main street
to the contrary notwithstanding. The original
Laclede Stables, by the above proprietors, are,
as they have always been, a few doors east of
Withrow's saddle shop, where the proprietors
will always be pleased to see their friends.
Buggies, horses and wagons to hire. Horses
boarded by day or week. v8n2

J. F. NELSON,
NEW HOPE, MO.,
Sells Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

AS CHEAP

As they can be bought anywhere in

LINCOLN COUNTY.

His Stock is Fresh and he will

NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

HE WILL PAY THE BEST PRICES

Country Produce.

Co-Partnership Dissolution.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing be-
tween John F. Nelson and H. H. Frazier,
under the name and style of Nelson & Frazier,
has been dissolved by mutual consent, J. F.
Nelson having purchased the entire interest of
H. H. Frazier in the business. All persons in-
debted to said firm, either by note or account,
are earnestly requested to call and settle the
same with me. JOHN F. NELSON.
New Hope, Mo., April 22, 1873.

HUMAN BUTCHERY.

A Horrible Kansas Murder Den.
[From the St. Louis Times, 11th.]

Through special dispatches the readers
of the Times have already gained some
idea of the atrocious murders recently
perpetrated by the Bender family near
Cherryvale in Southeast Kansas. It is
now known that the Bender family fled
in this direction. A detective, Mr. Thos.
Beers of Independence, Kan., who has
done more than any one else to ferret out
the mystery, arrived yesterday morning,
having traced the Bender's to St. Louis.
A Times reporter called upon Mr. Beers
during the day and obtained the inside
history and full particulars of the
Benders' bloody career.

For several months different persons
have been disappearing very mysteriously
on the route between Independence and
Osage Mission. Nearly a dozen people
had suddenly dropped out of sight in
this way and the matter was exciting a
great deal of talk throughout southeast
Kansas.

About a month ago, Dr. William A.
York, a brother of Senator York, who
exposed the machinations of Pomeroy,
disappeared in the same way, and all
efforts to find him were in vain. Dr.
York lived in Fort Scott and had gone
out on a collecting tour, riding a val-
uable roadster. He finally rode down to
Independence and visited his father, then
started home, passing along the treach-
erous route to Osage Mission, and noth-
ing more was ever seen of him.

The York family is one of considerable
influence in that part of Kansas, and the
affair caused great excitement. The
other disappearances were recalled to
memory and the people began to talk of
the existence of a gang of murderers and
robbers somewhere between the Mission
and Independence.

On the route between these places is a
dismal stretch of prairie, sparsely settled.
Two of the landmarks of this prairie
are Drum Creek and Big Hill. Midway
between them lived the Bender family,
consisting of the old man and the old
woman, a young man who passed as a son
of Bender, and a young woman who
passed as the daughter of the old woman.
The young people passed as married, al-
though the younger Mrs. Bender bore a
very slippery character on the point of
morality.

Bender had a frame house of several
rooms, which he had built upon a claim.
He professed to keep a grocery in the
front room of the house and an eating
room for travellers. The place was con-
sidered a kind of half way stopping place.
The house stood in the midst of a prairie,
with nothing to break the view for a mile
around.

The younger Mrs. Bender professed to
be a spiritual medium, and held occa-
sional seances. She also had a card in
one or two of the country papers, inviting
calls from those who desired to have the
future revealed.

About two weeks ago or more, Senator
York organized a party and scoured the
country far and wide to find some trace
of his brother. In the course of their
ride they halted at the Bender place to
feed. Young Bender when he heard of
their mission volunteered his services to
aid in the search. This visit occurred on
Wednesday. The younger woman also
called Senator York aside, and, telling
him of her power, proposed to hold a
seance on the next Friday night, saying
that if he would come she would reveal
the whereabouts of his brother.

York paid little or no attention to this,
and the party soon passed on.
About two weeks ago, Mr. Thomas
Beers, who has been a Kansas detective
for ten years or more, was urgently re-
quested by Senator York to take hold of
the case and do it.

Day and night he travelled the route
between Osage Mission and Independ-
ence, seeking to solve the mystery. He
soon struck the trail of a desperado with
whom he was acquainted. The man
had served several terms in the peniten-
tiary and there was nothing to show that
he had reformed. Beers found that this
man was travelling back and forth be-
tween the Mission and Independence and
he shadowed him closely. Wherever
the man stopped Beers waited and then
learned his conversation. He found that
the villain was talking freely about mys-
terious disappearances.

At one place he told a woman about
the murder of a little girl seven or eight
years old, and when the horrified listener
exclaimed, "How could they do it?" he
replied, "Why they strangled her." This
was told to Beers and he knew he had a
clue.

At another place the disappearance of
York was the topic, and the man con-
fidentially said they would never find
York, for he had been burned in a corn-
field and the ground ploughed over.

Beers heard this, too, and some other
things. Then he learned that the
Benders had suddenly disappeared, and
he began to see light. He went back to
Independence, told York his suspicions
and asked him to go with him in order
to identify anything that might be found,
that had belonged to his brother. York
put but little confidence in the detective's
suspicions, and sent a younger brother
with him.

Beers went from Independence to
Cherryvale by rail, and then taking a
wagon rode out to the Bender claim, a few
miles off. The place had been deserted
hastily, but there were plain evidences
that great efforts had been made to burn
clothing, pieces of harness and papers.
There was a small stock of groceries in
the front room. Between this and the
next room only the joists had been put

up, and a sheet was hung upon these for
a screen.

The Benders had gone, apparently
taking nothing but a little wearing ap-
parel with them. As they searched the
house Beers told young York to keep a
sharp look out for anything that might
have been his brother's. He did so, and
before they had gone far he picked up a
piece of his brother's bridle.

Then the search began in earnest. In
groping about in the room back of the
grocery, Beers found a little trap door,
and raised it. There came up a sicken-
ing stench, peculiar to decomposing
human remains. Almost nauseated,
Beers and his little posse examined the
place. The trap opened into a pit about
six feet deep, and this had a passage
opening out under the foundations.
They made a careful examination of the
pit, and found the soil saturated with
what was plainly human gore. Back of
the house was a piece of ground, per-
haps an acre and a half in extent, which
had been broken up and apparently re-
cently ploughed.

Beers subsequently learned that Bender
had ploughed this ground over the day
after Senator York and his friends had
been there on their search.

The detective at once began the exam-
ination of this ground, and, taking young
York with him, started diagonally for
the southwest corner, intending to begin
a systematic search, looking carefully for
any appearance of subsoil or disturb-
ance.

A few rods from the corner Beers
stopped and looked about him. Young
York, who was on his right, a few feet
from him, turned and came toward him.
Glancing down, Beers saw between them
a little depression, and some appearance
of subsoil. Both noticed it, and the de-
tective said: "There's something here,
York; go and get a wagon rod." York
complied, and soon returned.

Beers took the rod and gradually
pushed it down until it struck hard
ground just as it reached the ring.
Then drawing it out he found that he had
plunged the iron into what appeared to
be human remains.

The others, who had in the meantime
been rummaging the house, were sum-
moned, and digging was commenced.
About four feet below the surface they
came upon a body partially decomposed,
and lying face downwards. They then
stopped the disintering and began to
dig down a trench two feet wide on one
side of the grave, toward which the face
was turned a little.

While they were thus employed a
party arrived from Cherryvale, having
gained an inkling of what was going on.
Among the new comers was a doctor who
had been sent out by Senator York.

The trench was lowered below the level
of the bottom of the grave and the earth
dug away carefully from the face and
head of the body. Then the detective,
seeing that from the condition of the
corpse the utmost care would be neces-
sary in order to insure recognition, told
the doctor he must detach the head from
the trunk. It was done, and having
been carefully cleaned, was lifted out and
placed on a sheet brought from the
house. The countenance was exposed to
view and in an instant the features of Dr.
York were recognized.

Some of the men then sat down and
cried like children, others turned away
sickened, while others the sight only
nerved them to continue the search.

While the detective was telling this
heart sickening story to the Times re-
porter, he would stop as he came to this
horrible scene, at the finding of Dr.
York's body, and seem to forget the
present and go back in his agitation, to
that terrible morning of the 5th of May.

The work went on and other bodies
were found, until all, nine had been
unearthed when Beers left. In every
case except that of the little girl, the
skull was broken in the back of the head.

The detective is of the opinion that the
murders were done in the following
manner:

The parties either came or were en-
ticed to the house where the young woman
engaged them in conversation, for she
had the reputation in all that part of
the country of being a good talker.
Then one of the men would strike the
visitor on the back of the head, felling
him to the floor, when the other would
strike him with a heavier sledge-like
instrument. Then it would be but the
work of an instant to drag the victim to
the trap-door and cut his throat. In
every case except that of the child these
terrible wounds were found in the back
of the head, and the throats were gashed
from ear to ear. Two hammers were
found in the house, which had evidently
been used in the manner described.

There was also something very pecu-
liar about the manner of burial. The
graves were all from three to five feet
deep. The bodies were straightened out
with the right hand drawn up and laid
flat upon the right breast. The left
hand and arm were stretched straight
beside the body. This Mr. Beers in-
formed the reporter has been a pass sign
between a large gang of cut throats and
horse thieves working along the route
from the Mission to Independence.

The news of finding York's body
spread like wildfire, and before night
scores of men had flocked to the place to
aid in the search. Among them came a
German wholly innocent of wrong, but
because he happened to be of the same
nationality as the Benders, the crowd
strung him up three times to make him
confess, and finally desisted upon Beers
declaration that the man was innocent.

About a year ago there was another
member of the Bender family, a young
man, but he all at once disappeared.
The supposition is that in attempting to

dispose of some victim this Bender was
either killed or mortally wounded and
then secretly buried.

Of the bodies found thus far nearly all
have been missed since last October. If
Longhor, one of the victims, was a
farmer in Howard county. He sold out
his claim, and taking his little girl about
eight years old he started for Iowa with
his team. The last known of him was
when he camped on Drum Creek. He
could be traced no farther, and the find-
ing of his body in Bender's field with
the remains of the child a little way off,
only solved the mystery. A day or two
after Longhor was lost his team was
found about sixteen miles south of the
Bender place. It had evidently been
driven there in great haste, and aban-
doned. At several points on the line be-
tween the Bender place and the spot
where the team was found several persons
have told of seeing the team go past at a
furious rate, and on this line were found
at intervals the end board of Longhor's
wagon and his guns, which had fallen out
in the hasty drive.

The Benders talked boldly about the
disappearance, and insinuated that the
man must have been shot down on Drum
Creek.

W. F. McCarthy, another of the vic-
tims, was a Howard county farmer. He
was formerly in the One Hundred and
Twenty third Illinois infantry. He had
had a long dispute about his claim with
a man who belonged to the Bender gang.
The latter had taken him away to have a
settlement and he was never seen after-
wards until his body was unearthed.
The supposition is that he was enticed to
Bender's and murdered in the same man-
ner as the others.

B. F. McKensie was a farmer from
Ohio, who was looking about for lands.
He had \$5,000 or \$7,000 and disappeared
as mysteriously as the others. His body
was also found.

Another man named Boyle, who
started from Independence to the Mission
with \$700 in his possession was also
found.

Two others were identified, but the
rest of the bodies were not recognizable.

Nearly all of the victims had teams or
saddle horses. In two instances the
wagons were found on the prairie and in
one instance a horse which had been
peculiarly marked was left with the
wagon.

In other cases the horses were run off
by some members of the gang and dis-
appeared as mysteriously as their owners.
Dr. York when he disappeared had with
him a very fleet and valuable roadster.

It seems that after the visit of Senator
York and his party the Benders took the
alarm. The next morning the old man
ploughed the field, and shortly afterwards
they hitched up and drove to Thayer,
a station on the Gulf road, twenty or
twenty five miles away where they were
not known, arriving there in time to take
a night train. It seems that they stepped
a little way out of town, unharnessed the
horses and tied them to the wagon.
Then leaving the dog with the team,
they went to the depot and left.

The team remained out of town two or
three days, no one knowing to whom it
belonged. Finally the town marshal
went out and brought it in.

A day or two after that some country
people were in town, and one of them
noticed the dog which had been left
with the team, exclaimed: "Why,
there's old Bender's dog!"

This led to some explanations, and the
team was readily identified. This led to
a visit to the Bender place, and then it
was discovered that the whole family had
departed. This was just before or about
the time that the detective made his
visit to the claim.

As soon as the bodies were unearthed,
Beers entered upon his search for the
criminals. He found that the Benders
were co operating with a band of thieves,
and just before he left Kansas, had
sworn out warrants for the arrest of
twenty two parties, many of them pro-
fessedly farmers, holding claims in South-
ern Kansas.

Beers himself has assumed the diffi-
cult task of hunting down the four mem-
bers of the Bender family. He succeeded
in tracing them until they left the state,
and then had an interview with the Gov-
ernor of Kansas, who authorized him to
go ahead and hunt down the murderers
regardless of expense.

With this understanding he started and
arrived in St. Louis yesterday, having
followed a clear trail to this place.

The Benders left Kansas with about
\$10,000, and Beers thinks they have gone
straight to the seaboard with the inten-
tion of hiding across the ocean.

He will follow as fast as the trail can
be picked up. Chief McDough will
render every assistance possible. In-
formation has been received already of
parties here who have told more about
the murders than they ought to know as
innocent people.

Detective Beers says that the people of
Southern Kansas are terribly excited
over the discoveries, and it would be a
difficult task to keep the Benders out of
the hands of a mob if they should be
taken back now.

THE LOST CITY OF BOSTON—AN OLD
LADY'S HOPE.—There are several resi-
dents of Detroit whose friends took pas-
sage on the missing City of Boston, which
went down to her ocean grave in such a
mysterious manner that her fate has never
been ascertained. Although so long a
time has elapsed since the steamer was
given up, there are those here who have
the strongest faith that at least some of
the passengers were cast on some shore
or island, and will some day make their
escape to tell the sad story. One of these
is a woman of sixty, whose manly and
promising son was one of the passengers.
She has subscribed for a Boston paper
for no other reason than that she thinks
the press of that city will be the first to
receive news of the ship. As regularly
as the paper is received she opens it in
the hope that her son's fate may be ex-
plained, and disappointment only engen-
ders new hope. His plate is kept at the
table, and to almost every friend who
calls, the mother says: "I have not
heard from William yet, but I hope to
this week." The neighbors feel that the
hope is the only sunlight of her life, and
encourage her in it. No one but a mother
could hope thus against all the rest of the
world, and none but a mother's heart
would continue so faithful through all
the long months since the missing steamer
so heavily freighted with human souls,
plunged down to her deep-sea grave, or
was beaten to pieces on the rock of some
forbidding shore.—Detroit Free Press.

A recent medical writer says: "Sleep
when you can; in the cars—anywhere
when you get a chance—the great want
of the age is sleep." This is not always
safe advice to follow, as a Lawrence gen-
tleman knows to his sorrow. He was
recently afflicted with a bad cold, and to
cure himself of it, resorted to the method
of bathing his feet in warm water, and
drinking a tumbler full of gin and mo-
lasses, prescribed by an aged and re-
spected friend of the family. Having
got everything in order for carrying out
the prescription, he sat down by the
stove, his pedal extremities immersed in
warm water, a tumbler of smoking gin
and molasses by his side. In this con-
dition a sense of enjoyment stole over
him as he sipped the exhilarating liquid,
and he fell asleep. His wife had gone
to bed, and on awakening about three
o'clock in the morning, wondered why
she was alone. Going down stairs, she
was horrified to find her liege lord asleep
in the chair, the fire out, his feet im-
mersed in the water, over which a cake of
ice was formed, and an empty tumbler on
the chair beside him. His cold isn't a
bit better.

Old Joe was a quiet old man, but
somewhat too fond of the bottle. When
in cups his ideas tended toward the theo-
retical matters, which he always avoided in
his sober moments. It was Saturday
afternoon (Connecticut baking day), and
his good wife wanted some wood for the
oven.

"Joe, I do wish you would go and split
me some wood, here it is nearly two
o'clock and the fire isn't made."

Joe went out to execute his commis-
sion; but fearing his physical condition
was weak, marched to the neighboring
tavern to fortify himself therein. He
returned home utterly oblivious to all
things save his pet theories. Seating
himself on the chair he said:

"I say, (hic) Jane, do (hic) you think
the Lord (hic) means to burn us all (hic)
up in fire?"

His venerable spouse, being exceed-
ingly irate, did not answer. Again he
repeated the question. Still an ominous
silence.

"Wife, do you think the Lord means
to burn us all up in fire everlasting?"
"No!" said the now thoroughly
aroused house wife; "no, you fool, not if
he waits for you to split the wood!"

A quaint Scotch minister was given
somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit.
His clerk reminded him of its effects
upon the congregation. He replied that
he was not aware of it, and wished the
clerk, the next time he did it, to give a
cough by the way of hint. Soon after
he was describing Sampson's tying the
foxes tails together. He said:

The foxes in those days were much
larger than ours, and they had tails
twenty foot long.

Ahem! came from the clerk's desk.

That is, according to their measure-
ment; but by ours they were fifteen foot
long.

Ahem! louder than before.

But, as you may think this extra-
gant, we'll just say they were ten foot.

Ahem! ahem! still more vigorous.

The parson leaned over the pulpit, and
shaking his finger at the clerk, said:

You may cough there all the night
long, mon; I'll nae take off a foot more.

Would ye hae the foxes with nae tails at
all?

A green lad from Alabama, who was a
passenger on board one of the steam
boats navigating the Gulf of Mexico, sud-
denly bolted into the cabin one morn-
ing, before the passengers had fairly
rubbed their eyes open, exclaiming, "We
are lost!" "Lost!" replied his nearest
neighbor. "Lost!" exclaimed another.
"Lost!" screamed out the whole crowd.
"Yes, lost!" said the lad, astonished at
the alarm he had created. "I know we
are lost, cause the captain's on top of the
house, and another man's upon the mast,
a-looking to see where we are."

Dick G—was incorrigible. He was
a bummer, and no discipline could make
him anything else. At a time when the
soldiers considered it wrong to steal a
chicken, Dick confiscated them with a
flourish. He would do this with impu-
nity, although he was frequently pun-
ished for leaving the ranks. On one
occasion he entered a yard, ostensibly to
get some water. While at the well he
hissed the farmer's dog on the chickens.
As the agitated mistress of the house
came to the door, Dick, in pursuit of the
dog and chicken, was close upon a fine
fowl. It fluttered toward the door, and
the woman caught it. Dick reached out
his hands and taking it from her, said
coolly with a bow, "Thank you, thank
you." As the Colonel thundered out,
"Take that chicken back, sir," Dick said,
"She gave it to me, sir—said I was wel-
come to it—ask her if she didn't," and the
poor bewildered woman could not
say no.

The next day Dick was notified that if
he fell out of the ranks he would be
punished at night sure. He kept up
well until noon. Then giving one of the
boys his gun, he slipped out for a mo-
ment, but he did not come back, and the
Captain was furious. About 3 o'clock
a carriage, driven by a stylish negro,
passed the regiment at a race course
speed. Dick reclined gracefully on the
back seat, and as he passed, lifted his
hat and made a most elaborate bow to
the Captain and company.

When the regiment went into quar-
ters for the night, they found Dick with
fire made, and chicken, potatoes, etc.,
cooking. The Captain sent for him and
ordered him tied hand and foot. Dick
came limping up, dressed chicken in
hand. "I'm sorry, Captain, dogged if
I ain't. I couldn't catch up, so rather
than disobey your orders, I hired a
darkie to bring me on, and here I am in
good time. I thought you'd be hungry,
and I made a fire. I have this chicken
(see how fat it is) ready to cook. Will
you have it stewed or fried, Captain?"

"Hang the chicken! I was talking
about you," roared the Captain. "After
all my cautions and threats you dropped
out."

"But, Lordy, Cap, I was into camp
before you was," responded Dick. "Will
you have the chicken stewed or fried,
Cap?" and Dick showed the Captain
what a beauty it was.

The officer glared at him a moment,
and then snapped out, "Fried, curse it!"
And Dick served the chicken in triumph,
and escaped punishment.

THE PRECISE MAN.—The "Precise
Man" sometimes parts his hair in the
middle, and when he does, he counts the
hairs on each side of his head, and splits
sum, if it is necessary, few make the
thing dead even.

If he is a married man everything must
be just so—if he is a bachelor, it must be
more so.

He always sets a hen on 12 eggs, and
has a grate horror for all odd numbers.

He gets up at just such a time in the
morning, and goes to bed just such a
time at night, and would as soon think of
taking a dose of strychnine for the hick-
ups as to cut up a dog's tale when the
moon was in the last quarter.

The precise man has but few branes,
and they are as well broke as a setter
dog's, for he seldom makes a false point.

He is a bundle of facts and figures,
and is as handy in the numbered as a
pair of platform scales or a redy rek-
oner.

He is invariably an honest man, but
often as much from pride as from prin-
ciple.

He laves his children, if he has any,
and would rather have them perfect in
the multiplications table than in the
Iliad of Homer.

His wife is soon broke few ask
and think as he does, and she is known for
and near for the excellence of her soft
sops.—Josh Billings.

HOW THEY READ THE PAPER.—
Uncle Ned first hunts up a funny thing,
then laughs with a will.

Aunt Sue first reads the stories, then
turns to the marriage and deaths.

The laborer looks at the wars, hoping
to find a better opening in his business.

Miss Flora seeks out the new advertise-
ment to ascertain the newest importations
in bonnets and kids.